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The Week

SAID Governor Cox to a heckler in Kansas: "My friend, Wilson isn't running for President this year. Cox is running for President." But is he? To be sure the Democratic convention picked Cox on the forty-fourth ballot. But that convention also drew a platform, and insofar as the candidate took this platform literally it obliged him to fight the campaign not on issues which he himself might represent, but upon the question of indorsing every act of Mr. Wilson's administration from the Treaty of Versailles to the career of Mr. Palmer. Not upon a new deal at the hands of a new President, but upon an indiscriminating indorsement of the old deal, the Democratic platform put its emphasis. That, too, has naturally enough been the emphasis of every official Democrat who has taken the stump for Cox. And Cox, for the most part, has accepted the burden cheerfully. A flash of independence now brings from the White House the first of a series of statements which are to explain what is really at stake in this election. Cox is running. So is the Wilson administration.

FIFTEEN of the Progressive party leaders of 1912 have come out for Cox. They cannot swallow Harding. He is "a confirmed and hopeless reactionary." Cox, on the other hand, has a progressive record in Congress. He is, moreover, espousing Theodore Roosevelt as "his ideal of progressivism." What else? There is not much in the Cox campaign that makes first-rate evidence. Cox has wasted opportunities to win progressive votes. An incident last week in Omaha is illustrative. An Omaha newspaper had asked the Governor what he thought of the administrations of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Burleson. In any progressive primer the answers to these questions come on the first page. What reply came from Governor Cox?

HE had, he said, "served in Congress with both of these gentlemen." He knew them to be "high-minded, conscientious gentlemen." He believed their administrations to have been "whole-heartedly performed." He would, however, make this reservation: "There are matters in both their administrations which I do not indorse." This, of course, means precisely nothing. There are people who find fault with Burleson and Palmer because they have been illiberal, and other people because they have not been illiberal enough. You may infer that Cox belongs in the first group and not the second. But it is a poor progressivism that rests on inference. It is this unwillingness to distinguish between Mr. Wilson's ideals and certain actual performances of the last two years, to credit one and disown the other, which threatens to take away from Cox the votes of all opponents of the present administration, regardless of the ground on which they stand.

SPURTS in some of Cox's recent speeches indicate that he is beginning to realize this situation. In sixty miles of Kansas he has covered more real ground than in the first three or four thousand miles of his western journey. In Newton

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he talked of Mexico. "I believe when an adventurer goes into a hornet's nest," he said, "and knows where he is going, the United States ought not to send a brigade of soldiers with him." Who are the adventurers, and how far does Governor Cox want this statement to stand as a pledge against all military intervention? There is the same indefiniteness here that marks what Cox has to say of Burleson and Palmer. As for Russia: the members of the League, he thinks, should be "compelled to keep hands off of Russia and permit the Russian people to work out their own salvation." Would that not be a good reservation to propose before we join the League? For it is obvious that certain members of the League are not keeping their hands off Russia, and never have kept their hands off since the days of the first revolution.

MR. HARDING has more and more good reasons for disliking Hiram Johnson cordially. Here we are, a month before election, and everything shipshape. The League has been a good campaign issue; but that new "association of nations," to involve the Hague Tribunal, is an undertaking involving endless brains and considerable delay; privately Harding must feel that after the election is won the easiest way out of the whole morass will be to ratify this same Covenant and Treaty with such reservations as will "Americanize" it. But there is always Hiram Johnson to make things inconvenient. Apparently Johnson is alarmed by Harding's mixture of reconcilability with irreconcilability, and by the satisfaction of pro-League Republicans with Harding's program. And so, because a bolt may threaten, Harding now is forced to come out and say how gratifying he finds Mr. Johnson's spirited irreconcilability. It is our guess that Johnson believes Harding will break faith with the irreconcilables, once he is in office. But he is a good strategist. He is getting Harding in deeper and deeper, so that the break, when and if it comes, may be heralded as an act of deliberate treachery.

MR. GOMPERS assails the recent activity of all European labor generally. A year ago, he says, the International Federation of Trade Unions "indorsed the League of Nations and proposed to reshape it to correspond to the aspirations of labor." But the League is forgotten, and today European labor is in "anarchistic hostility to all governments without discrimination." Mr. Gompers cites the manifesto of the International Federation, calling upon organized labor to refuse to help transport troops and munitions to be used in a war of aggression by Poland against Russia. "The appeals of the I. F. T. U. and Councils of Action," he declares, "are appeals to revolutionary violence. . . . We have no intention of bidding farewell to our reason and good judgment."

REASON and good judgment were just what certain Allied statesmen seemed intent upon throwing away when European labor took the course which Mr. Gompers censures. Reason and good judgment could never have counselled a new war on the grand scale, and that was where an important group of European statesmen were heading. Which was the more "revolutionary" action, so far as the lives of unimportant people were concerned: the threat of a new war, or labor's declaration that in such a war it would take no active part? Grant that it is a debatable question; it is not debated by Mr. Gompers. His manifesto tends instead to whitewash a policy so stupid and so catastrophic that even Mr. Winston Churchill was forced to abandon it. "Poland's imperialism," says Mr. Gompers, "may have been the chief factor in the offensive" [against Russia], but "it is possible that the Polish offensive was undertaken as the only means of warding off an attack which was being organized by the Soviets." Moreover, the government of Poland today is "perhaps the most democratic government in Europe."

TAKING the offensive simply as a matter of precaution is the favorite creed of those imperialists whom Mr. Gompers has many times denounced. It is a poor excuse for an advance of more than a hundred and eighty miles into Russia and a demand for thousands of miles of territory in which Poles are an insignificant minority. As for the democracy of the present Polish government, the reality of this claim is now being tested at Riga. Negotiations in that city have at least got along to this stage: threatened by Soviet willingness to accept the Poles' own peace terms, the Polish delegates have agreed to waive a "discussion of principles" and to appoint a commission to consider temporary boundaries and armistice conditions. The territory which Russia is willing to cede goes substantially beyond the borders fixed for Poland by the generous diplomats at Versailles. Trotsky makes the apt comment that if the Poles refuse peace on the present terms the darkest corner of Russia will know they have received instructions from Paris and London.

IN its manifesto to the Chinese people the Soviet government of Russia is no doubt playing to the gallery. It does not actually possess, and can there-

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fore scarcely give away, all that it proposes to bestow upon the people of China. Yet there is much substance in its offer, and more concrete action in the spirit of the Fourteen Points than the world has seen since those Points first were formulated. Russia proposes restoring to China "without any compensation whatsoever" all the concessions in mines, forests, etc., extorted from China by a more powerful neighbor. In addition the Soviet government renounces Russia's share of the Boxer indemnity and Russia's share of control over the Chinese Eastern Railway. Dare China accept what Russia offers? Apparently the Chinese have good reason for believing that by accepting a return of something once their own they will brand themselves as Bolshevik. Our own vigilant Department of State addresses an informal inquiry to the government at Peking. Keeping intact the estate ruled over by Tsar Nicholas is the keynote of our policy in Russia.

THE first campaign speech of Eugene Debs will amaze many of his friends and all of his enemies. "If you were to commit the Socialist party in America to the international program laid down by Lenin," says Debs, "you would absolutely kill the party." "The Moscow program wants to commit us to a program of armed insurrection; the Moscow comrades have arrogated to themselves the right to dictate tactics, the program, the very conditions of propaganda in all countries. It is ridiculous, autocratic, as ridiculous as if we were to dictate to them how they should carry out their propaganda." Gradually, as the danger of war upon Russia becomes less imminent, the fact will emerge that there are people who want an end of intervention, a lifting of the blockade, and peace with Russia—all without believing it necessary to bind themselves to the excited dogma of that little band which calls itself the Third Internationale.

MR. McGARRY, Director General of Knights of Columbus forces in Siberia, brings back to this country an account of the way Japanese troops were moved in to occupy that province several months ago. At the time, it will be remembered, Japanese statesmen explained that their occupation had been made imperative by a massacre of Japanese citizens at Nikolayevsk. "So far as we could learn," says Mr. McGarry, "there was no attack on the Japanese at that time at any point. The only 'massacre' was that we saw from my quarters, when innocent and unarmed persons were shot down in the street by Japanese soldiers. . . . As a matter of fact, all the armed Russians, warned by their leaders to give no excuse to the Japanese for seizing territory, had marched out of Vladivostok at the beginning of the shooting. My personal opinion and observation convince me that the whole move was engineered by the Japanese for the sole purpose of seizing Russian territory, a military and political move that was entirely successful."

BECAUSE of certain charges they have brought against him, Mr. Colby bars two Socialist and labor correspondents from his conferences with the newspaper men in Washington. There comes to mind that humane monarch in one of Gilbert's operas:

> My object all sublime
> I shall achieve in time—
> To let the punishment fit the crime
> The punishment fit the crime.

If ever punishment fitted crime, it is Mr. Colby's punishment of Mr. Todd and Mr. Hanna. Mr. Hanna had stated in a letter, and Mr. Todd subsequently agreed with what he said, that the rules of the State Department permit the Secretary to "inspire" news stories for which the newspaper men are forbidden to hold him responsible. Some of the correspondents themselves come to the defense of Mr. Colby. But certainly Mr. Colby "inspires" news about Russia, for instance, in the same sense and to the same degree that a doctor inspires news about a sick man. The correspondents do not see the sick man; the doctor does. And insofar as the doctor is optimistic, stupid, dogmatic or cocksure of himself, he is bound to affect any news of which he may be the sole distributor. And the correspondents, so the rules decree, can never quote the doctor.

SO much for the crime. The punishment, like the punishment dealt by Gilbert's humane Mikado, fits it perfectly. Mr. Colby forbids the two offending correspondents to attend his future conferences. He shuts off the sunlight of intelligence, but it is the palest sun on record. "Experienced correspondents agreed today that every bureau in the State Department was reticent to an almost unprecedented degree with correspondents of international developments and policies." So the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post wires on the day of Mr. Colby's action. "When a correspondent goes into the State Department," says another member of the Post's staff, "he feels that he must put on gum shoes and be a sleuth. He feels that there is a barrier of exaggerated reticence confronting him wherever he turns. . . . All the information a reporter is granted are tiny items

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of monumental inconsequence, with the world in turmoil." Those tiny items Messrs. Hanna and Todd are now denied.

NOT much that was unexpected happened at the Cleveland convention of the American Legion. The convention asked for a bonus bill, outlined an "Americanization program," and voted its indorsement of compulsory military training. There was one resolution adopted in Cleveland, however, a little out of the run of the ordinary business of the convention. This was a resolution approved by the National Executive Committee, declaring Louis F. Post to be "guilty of obstructing the enforcement of alien deportation laws" and calling for his dismissal "at the earliest possible moment." Has the Legion's committee any information which was not available to Congress? Congress found nothing in Mr. Post's record to warrant his dismissal, and there are many people who regard his administration as the single most admirable performance of the last two years in Washington. It is encouraging to find members of Willard Straight Post No. 842, of the Legion, condemning their National Committee's action in plain terms. They regard it as "but another manifestation of the reactionary panic characteristic of this as of all post-war periods." The Committee should be called to open the books and show upon what evidence it has based its action.

Liberalism and Private Property

AFTER the ouster of the Socialists, no one had the right to suspect the New York legislature of disloyalty to the established rights of private property or of a willingness to confiscate property or of a tendency to yield to direct action by the tenantry of New York. Yet look what has happened. By a series of laws enacted in a few hours the landlords of New York have lost primary control of their property; the tenantry in possession are advised to remain in possession; the police force is told to protect the tenant in possession; "freedom of contract" between landlord and tenant is abolished; the terms of their relationship are fixed not by "economic law," but by the discretion of officials; the burden of proof is put upon the landlords; the value of their property is depressed.

If this had happened in Italy, or if it had been accompanied by revolutionary rhetoric, the spokesmen of the realty interests would not have been the only ones to point out the character of this legislation. For, according to the best available accounts, what happened in Italy was this: A firm in the metal industry proposed to exercise those property rights which permit a "lockout," as it is called in industry, or an eviction as it is called in realty. The employees responded by refusing to recognize the dispossess notice of the employers, and the government declined to evict them forcibly. Thereupon the state adjusted the controversy by an agreement that in future the employer (landlord) should share the control of his property with the employees (tenants) and the state (municipal magistrates). Essentially this is what happened in New York. Moving day was at hand, but in thousands of cases there was no place for the tenant to go. Eviction meant great disorder, for if the government was to uphold the established rights of the landlord the government would have had in many cases to use physical force on the tenant. This the government declined to do, rights or no rights. It preferred to sacrifice the rights of the landlord to the needs of the tenant, and to substitute for freedom of contract, price fixing by such rank outsiders as the judges of petty courts.

But here ends the parallel between Italy and New York, and the divergence begins. The Italian episode is based on the substitution of new motives for old in the production of goods. It may not work out in practice, but the intention is to draw into productive industry psychological motives hitherto neglected. The idea is that industry will work better if all those concerned are jointly and severally responsible. It proposes to transfer power from a few at the top, or from the absentee shareholders, to the many who by hand or brain *are* the industry. The idea will succeed or fail in proportion to the intelligence and good faith of the Italian producers from the artisan through the technician to the executive. It is an idea that can work if human nature rises to the occasion. It is an idea creative in its purpose.

None of this applies to New York. Shaving down the property rights of the landlord, protecting the tenant in possession will not produce more houses. The tenant who benefits by the landlord's abdication is not himself a builder. There has been a transfer of power, a shifting of economic control. But the power transferred does not pass, as it does theoretically in Italy, from the more or less unproductive to the producers as a body. In New York power passes from the producers of housing to the individual consumers of housing and to public officials. Having made landlordism precarious, having shown that capital invested by the private landlord is subject to interference, the legislature adjourned without indicating new motives

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and a new organization for the housing industry. It simply deprived the old system of the chief inducements it provided.

The housing episode throws light on much of the current argument about conservatism, liberalism, radicalism and revolution. If this legislature can be regarded as intelligent enough to think about principles at all, it must be regarded as a believer in the absolute and unalterable sanctity of all phases of private property. But that belief did not prevent it from striking ruthlessly at one of the most ancient forms of private property. Once it had got the Socialists out of its system, it yielded to necessity and treated one class of property holders as roughly as the crudest agitator. This goes to show, among other things, that revolutionary action is not the product of agitation but of a breakdown of institutions. When the existing institution of urban housing broke down, private property was attacked, not by theorists who oppose it in principle, but by men who in principle defend it at any cost. It shows how ill informed are people who believe that successful institutions can be overthrown by radical teaching. It would be hard to name a case. Wherever radical changes are occurring, as in Russia, Italy, New York housing or Ireland, you will find that the old order had simply come to a standstill. The Russia which Lenin seized was an utterly broken down Russia; the Italy of the metal strikes is a land where capitalistic industry was extremely inefficient; the New York housing industry is stagnant; the persistent frictions in coal, railroads, steel, are one and all the reflex of short-sighted, arbitrary, haphazard management. For the sanction of any particular form of private property is in its results. It will survive while it works. It will not perish because there are more seductive alternatives, or because it fails to meet a standard of abstract justice. It will perish when it has persistently and unmistakably failed to satisfy the human wants that it pretends to serve. Revolution from within does not often pull down the pillars of society. It occurs after those pillars are already in ruins.

Starting from this premise, at what conclusion can an American arrive who wishes to take a conscious attitude toward the existing system of private property? He will begin by enthroning the idea, so admirably laid down in Mr. R. H. Tawney's forthcoming book, The Acquisitive Society, that property is a variety of rights and functions, not an undifferentiated "right," and that all true progress consists in discriminating between those forms of property which are socially useful and those forms of property which have to be transformed before they actually serve the ends they are supposed to serve. The New York legislature, for example, decided that certain property rights were socially undesirable. The same type of decision was made when public utilities were "regulated" or when the eighteenth amendment was passed. Now we know by experience with "regulation" and we need not hesitate to prophesy in regard to housing, that these attacks on private property are not reforms just because they are attacks. Wherever a system of private property performs, however badly, a necessary service, mere restriction is no policy. It may tide over a crisis by providing a chance to arrive at a policy, but in itself hostility to a particular form of private property is no virtue, and should play no part in the thinking of conscious liberals. It is their task in each specific case to find out whether the existing institutions provide the incentives for socially efficient service. Where they manifestly do not supply the incentives, the liberal starts on a search for other incentives, for latent motives, for undeveloped energies, which could be educated to supplant or to supplement the existing motives. He will not in a housing crisis, like the one in New York, be content to strip the landlord, and then expect the landlords to supply enough houses. If things have drifted so long, as they did in New York, that the landlords have to be dethroned, the liberal will wish at once to remedy the fundamental shortage by supplementing private with public credit, individual initiative with cooperative; he will wish to call into play the energy of government, not simply to restrict but to construct, and with it the collective assistance of the building trades. For he will know that if he is to destroy one set of motives (the landlord's) he must conjure up another set.

What he would do for housing he would do for those other vital necessities of a nation in which the results in practice are demonstrably poor. Far from regarding the newer demands of the wage-earner for a share in the management as impudent interference, he would regard them as the general of a hard-pressed army looks upon the promise of immense reinforcements. He may be doubtful of their quality, their experience and their discipline, but he will not treat them as enemies. For the idea that more and more men are willing to share the burden may be offensive to some egos, but it is a happy augury for industry. The liberal is he who understands the old order well enough to know where its effective motives lay, and the new order clearly enough to bring into the light of consciousness those fresh motives which will supplement or supplant old motives no longer effective.

The kind of "liberalism" which consists in split-

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ting the difference and compromising fifty-fifty is by comparison an indolent preference for passing the buck. And so too is the sort of thing that calls itself rather obscurely the middle of the road. It seems to consider itself a slow moving vehicle undecided about its direction, successfully cluttering up the traffic in both directions. It is a false metaphor expressing a false idea. Liberalism is not something between radicalism and reaction, the dead centre in the swing of the pendulum between extremes, or the narrow and dangerous lane between two lines of traffic going in opposite directions. Liberalism is a whole road all by itself; reaction is a blind alley and revolution a long and doubtful detour. It is the one road that really connects the starting point and the destination, the one road on which men can proceed with the least actual loss of time and happiness, and the most progress.

The Baltimore Incident

THAT Baltimore incident, as morbidly curious antiquarians may some day call it, in a footnote, if they have time, is only two weeks old, yet already it is in danger of being forgotten. Even the slowest of political campaigns does at length drag itself past any given point. A campaign which gives the spectator nothing to think about may still give him, paradoxically, something else to think about. Let us therefore, before all men have quite forgotten the Baltimore incident, give thanks that it occurred.

For the incident has its pleasant side. Mr. Ryan, a gentleman with faith in the League of Nations and with an inquiring mind, found himself by accident or otherwise in Senator Harding's audience at Baltimore. He asked the Senator a question. The Senator gave him, first, some courteous words which might in words as courteous be called an answer; and secondly, after the rather irrelevant applause had died off, a courteous invitation to mount the platform and repeat his question. Mr. Ryan did his best to accept this invitation. He started for the platform. But he did not arrive there. He arrived somewhere else. One or more Baltimore policemen, averse by nature and nurture to even the mildest brand of heckling in the Land of the Free, believers not so much in free speech as in any set speech's right of way, intercepted Mr. Ryan and put him in jail, where he spent the night. Next morning in court, with nobody there to press against him the charge of creating a disturbance, Mr. Ryan was set free, the judge going so far as to affirm that if Mr. Ryan had created a disturbance Senator Harding would not have invited him to the platform.

So much for the mere facts. The psychology of the incident is more obscure. In form Mr. Ryan's question was an attempt to find out whether Senator Hiram Johnson was right or wrong in saying that the League of Nations would be scrapped if Senator Harding should be elected. In spirit the question may have been no more than a gesture of thirst for the kind of information voters must have if they are to vote intelligently. Or it may have been the result of desire to put Mr. Harding in a hole. No matter. To psychologists Mr. Ryan is less interesting than Mr. Harding, who answered the question by saying that he could answer it if he believed in one man government. What happened next in the Senator's mind is not obvious. He himself believes that the invitation to the platform was given so as to give Mr. Ryan a chance to repeat his question more clearly. Others maintain that he gave the invitation without realizing what he was about, in surprise at the success of his answer. Our own explanation, modestly offered for more than it is worth, is different. Mr. Harding is an unconscious artist. Almost his sole function in this campaign is to reveal his own character. The success of his answer to Mr. Ryan did not surprise him. He answered in good faith. His most evasive answers are made in good faith. There is something candid and unmalicious about his evasiveness, something childlike and bland. Ask him what his conclusion is about any political question as to which Republicans differ, and his answer is in effect though not formally that his is a mind which does not start from premises nor move to conclusions. What could be franker than that? He must have given that invitation to the platform because, feeling himself invulnerable in his innocence of any opinion, he saw no reason for not doing a courteous thing. He has an insuperable proclivity to politeness. He could not even condole with Mr. Ryan, when he learned of his heckler's unlawful arrest, without saying that he did not venture to criticize the policeman.

And inasmuch as no man can make his character clear without as a by-product making something else a little clearer than it was, so Senator Harding cannot keep up his self-revelation, week after week, without telling us something about his attitude toward the League of Nations. For the League as it stands, for the League with reservations, against the League with or without reservations—each of the three positions is occupied by Republicans. Senator Harding is for anything upon which all three factions can agree. A harmonious decision to do anything, no matter what, makes that

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the right thing to do. Asking him what he thinks the right thing to do is like asking a modest officer who is besieging a city whether he prefers sun time or standard or daylight-saving time for its inhabitants. He is too little self-assertive to impose his wishes in such details. Besides, wouldn't it be unwise to fritter away in squabbles among the besiegers the energy which may be needed for capturing the town? Everybody knows he wants the town taken. Then why bother about minor matters?

Mr. Harding's modesty looks too utter to be true. But it is true. That, we imagine, is almost the only peculiarity of his character. As long as the campaign lasts he respects every Republican opinion but his own. Once he is in office his own is the only highly-placed Republican voice that he will not listen to with respect. He does not believe in one-man government. He believes in government by several men minus one man. Now, in spite of Senator Borah's defection, and in spite of what it implies, our guess is that the Republican leaders, after coming into power, will patch up some sort of agreement as to the League, that this country will, after one fashion or another, get into the League, and that Mr. Harding's only regret will be that the agreement was not unanimous. He would have the same lonely regret if the plan agreed upon were to stay out of the League. For to Mr. Harding, Republican harmony is an end-in-itself, in which political and economic questions, if they understood their places as he understands his place, would be content to serve as means.

"Grossly Misled"

WHILE President Wilson was telling the voters that they were "grossly misled," but that they are about to engage in a *"genuine* national referendum" on the subject about which they are grossly misled, President Hadley was speaking at Yale: "The political confusion of the present year," he said, "reflects a moral and intellectual confusion which lies behind it." Why is the present year politically confused?

Let us think back to the time of the armistice. Two great conceptions were at grips, the idea of a large cooperation in human affairs, and the idea of a new organization of force to dominate the world. So far as men can embody ideas of such magnitude, Wilson embodied the first, Clemenceau the second. Each idea had its supporters in each country. Here, for example, the Lodge Republicans were the undoubted adherents of the policy of force, while in France there was a host of plain people who would follow the American President rather than the French Premier. This conflict of ideas at the opening of the Peace Conference was one of the supremely great junctures of human affairs. It was the struggle bound to be bitter and hard fought, but it was not in any of its essentials a confusing issue. It was not confusing because those who were for cooperation had a set of principles laid down in the armistice as definite as any of the momentous declarations of history. The execution of those principles meant an overwhelming triumph for international good faith and an appalling defeat for reactionary forces everywhere. By adhering resolutely and intelligently to those principles, the liberal forces of mankind would have been welded together, and organized for a further advance. For it had happened that the sanguine and generous elements in all nations had a common program legally and morally binding upon all the great Powers of the world.

But instead of being summoned to fight for these principles, they were rudely and abruptly shut out of the discussion of these principles. Through long months the weeds of rumor and faction were allowed to grow. Those who are now "grossly misled" were in 1919 grossly unled. When finally the doors of the secret chamber were unlocked, the people of the world were told to accept what had been fabricated sight unseen. That is when the confusion of the present year began. For when the result was examined it was seen that the principles had been abandoned and little was left of them but a new façade for an old machiavellianism. The spokesman of the new order said the result was satisfactory, but his sincerest and oldest supporters knew that he had been defeated. He however insisted that he had won, and this claim—the assertion that in spite of manifest defeat there had been a great victory—for a time completely disorganized and scattered the impulse to constructive effort. The root of the confusion lies in the transformation of the leader of liberalism into the apologist and even the provocateur of reaction.

It was not the defeat of hope at Paris that confused men, but the pretense since Paris. The issue which had divided men sharply and had consequently united each side strongly was dissipated, and men no longer knew where were their friends and where were their opponents. No one any longer stood on firm ground, and the anomalies of the campaign are the result. Supporters of a league, supporters of this league, enemies of any league, enemies of this settlement are in both parties for as many different reasons. The standard to which men could rally was pulled down by the man who raised it, and if in the mêlée which fol-

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lowed people were grossly misled, how could it be otherwise? After such an outcome it will take time to reorganize the wasted impulse that was to redeem the war, to gather up hope again, to work out the programs and search for the guiding principles through which the next great creative impulse among men can express itself. There is no short cut, no cheap and easy remedy, after so stupendous a defeat. But as President Hadley said:

> The hard road is the only one worth taking. It is for us to see more than those about us; to get the knowledge which will give us convictions independent of popular feeling, and the courage which will come of those convictions. For the moment this may stand in our way politically, but it is the only basis of success in the long run, either for us or for those whom we seek to guide.

Profits Taxation and Prices

ON one point of economic policy at least Harding and Cox are in agreement. That is, the excess profits tax must be abolished, on the ground that it has raised prices inordinately. Most business men also agree with Cox and Harding on this point, and hosts of persons not business men believe that the causal relation between profits taxation and high prices is self-evident. The New Republic has widely been charged with blindness or perverse prejudice because it has denied that any such causal relation exists. But the New Republic rests its case with the facts. Hitherto the facts were to be had, some from one source, some from another, at a considerable cost of time, but now most that are relevant have been brought together by Professor David Friday in a book reviewed in this issue.

Let us first glance at the chronological events leading up to the present high level of prices. The rise began to be marked in July, 1915. In July, 1917, prices were eighty-six per cent above the 1913 level. No excess profits tax law was passed until October, 1917. So far, then, prices were able to rise without any help from such taxation.

The excess profits tax of 1917 absorbed over fifteen per cent of corporate net income. The rates were increased in 1918 to absorb about twenty-five per cent. In 1919 they were so greatly reduced as to cut the yield in two. Prices in 1918, under the increased tax, were indeed higher than in 1917, 196 as against 176, the level of 1913 serving as base. But under the reduced tax of 1919, prices went on rising until they stood at 238 in December, and at 266 in April, 1920. We submit that if the excess profits tax is the cause of price increase, it is a cause of most peculiar quality. It did a great share of its work before it was conceived; it worked least efficaciously when it was strongest, and instead of limiting itself to an effect proportionate to itself, worked with erratic and incalculable potency. The excess profits tax is operating steadily today, but the prices it is supposed to keep up are coming down.

In explanation of the wide gap between the actual rise in prices and the amount of the tax, it is often asserted—and believed—that for every dollar brought into the Treasury by the tax, the profit taker adds two to the price of his product. There are plausible theoretical reasons for such an assertion. But again, what of the facts? Does the volume of profits show the expansion this would imply? Not at all. Profits for 1917, before the tax came into operation, were greater than for any later year. And this comparison runs between profits before deduction of tax. They were in 1917 $10,730,000,000, in 1918 $9,500,000,000, in 1919 $8,500,000,000. Total profits have decreased, and the sums that have been taken by the tax have not been added to the consumers' bills. On the contrary, they have come out of the profiteers, whose takings have been materially reduced by them.

These are the most striking facts bearing on the subject. Professor Friday offers, however, a whole arsenal of other facts pointing the same way. Whatever the forces were that brought prices to their recent level, profits taxation has no secure place among them. There may be good reasons for abolishing the tax. Perhaps we ought to leave the billions of corporate profits untouched, and reach out more energetically for the wages of labor and the modest earnings of fixed investments. But let us not labor under the delusion that in doing so we shall also bring down the cost of living.

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The Impasse in Ireland

WHAT is the practical outlook for Ireland? After a six weeks' investigation it is rash to make an answer, but it is important in venturing any answer to recognize the conversion of seventy-five per cent of Ireland to Sinn Fein.

In London and in England generally men smile at the idea of an Irish Republic. It seems self-evident to all kinds of Englishmen that Ireland can never be free. After her recent experience, these Englishmen tell you, England is not likely to forget her own military safety. She can never give Ireland up. One effective submarine base in Kerry, you are told, would menace the food supplies—the very existence—of Britain. It would give Ireland the key to British security. On this account alone Britain must hold her neighbor in subjection, whatever the admirable and commendable aspirations of Ireland.

No one can visit the British Isles without hearing this kind of talk. Yet, while naval experts may be perfectly right in looking on democratic claims as a sort of mental fungi, Sinn Fein is not equipped to perceive that the military necessity of Britain can possibly be the deciding consideration in regard to the government of Ireland. The truth is, a subordination of social to military considerations is now a part of the tired mind of Britain.

Britain's mind is tired. So Winston Churchill says, and proves it. The strain of the war has left Britain without the energy to meet the problem of Ireland. But everyone knows that tiredness is moral as well as mental. It is the moral conflict which Ireland excites that accounts for British khaki-mindedness, petulance and fatigue. Sinn Fein, on the contrary, has no rat in its moral wainscot. Sinn Fein is calm, keen and cool. This difference in temper is deeply significant because the contest between Britain and Ireland is fundamentally moral.

Think for a moment what it means to find Britain arguing Military Necessity. When Germany argued military necessity in regard to Schleswig, Poland, Alsace-Lorraine, Belgium, the whole English-speaking world was revolted. Such a savage principle went against the liberal and democratic tradition of the English-speaking world. Yet today, attended by the silence of Lord Bryce and the other liberal oracles, Britain talks Military Necessity in regard to Ireland in the best Germanic style.

It is not unnatural that Britain should equivocate. Under the leadership of Lloyd George she got into a false position, an illiberal and anti-democratic position, after the armistice, and now she is flogging the waters and arriving nowhere. The only hope for her is a new orientation. And the exercise of moral pressure from Sinn Fein is one valiant attempt to reverse the direction of Britain, and send her ahead on a new, clean line.

Superficially, the problem of Ireland has come to a deadlock. There is a deadlock between Belfast and Ireland, between Ireland and Britain, between Britain and the rest of the world. To break this deadlock some one factor, or more than one factor, must yield to the other. Either Belfast, national Ireland, Britain or the world-conscience, must give way. That, in crude mechanical terms, is the position at this moment, a position which baffles and reduces to despair any ordinary impartial observer.

Before despairing too luxuriously, however, it is well to remember that these nominally fixed factors — Belfast, Ireland, Britain, the world — are themselves in constant flux. They are never the same yesterday, today and forever. In the past ten years, for example, the most obdurate and resolute forces in Irish affairs have been transmuted in a manner beyond imagining. Thirty years ago in Ireland the most potent force was landlordism. Dublin Castle, the House of Lords, the Tories in England, the great Conservative newspapers and the legalists and the universities were all bent upon interpreting Ireland in relation to landlordism. The classic of the day was a reprint from the London Times entitled, "Parnellism and Crime." Parnell and his lieutenants did not employ the hunger strike. They did not, nominally, advocate outrage and murder. They did not abstain from the British parliament. But Mr. Balfour employed the police and military against these Nationalists. They were coerced, harried and imprisoned. Their papers were suppressed and their meetings declared illegal. They were denounced by high British publicists in England and America. The Philadelphia bankers threw out Parnell's account, under pressure from London. The London Times printed a facsimile letter connecting Parnell with assassination—a forgery that was eventually traced to certain Unionists who were saved by the forger's committing suicide. And yet, after all the damnable outrages and murders, after all the coer-

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cion and suppression and boycott and forgery, the British government yielded to moral pressure and ended landlordism in Ireland.

Landlordism of the feudal type was ended in Ireland by the introduction of a system of state credit. The state lent money to the tenants so that they could by instalments purchase the land. This meant that the old absentee class of landlords stayed withdrawn from Ireland to live in England which they really loved. A much larger number of Unionist landlords remained in Ireland as practical farmers and landowners. These men today are, with few exceptions, ardent Dominion Home Rulers. They have no longer a vested interest in the subjection of Ireland. Their lot in Ireland is now the common lot. Some are with Sinn Fein, not many. Practically all are against the British government. In the past three months scores of them have resigned the magistracies that in Parnell's time constituted the badge of their superiority. They have abandoned their claim to superiority. They want an Irish Ireland.

That is one great change in recent years. Another is the change in nationalism. Thirty years ago Irish public opinion was concentrated against landlordism, as previously it had been concentrated against the religious tithes, against disfranchisement of Catholics. With the victory against landlordism and the recruiting of the peasant proprietors for a higher political agitation, nationalism in Ireland has taken on a new form. The old Nationalist party submitted to looking on the Irish question as a domestic British issue. That party was wiped out of existence in one election. The Irish question, in the 1918 election, was given the status of internationalism, so far as the Irish people were concerned. The Irish people voluntarily withdrew their members from the British House of Commons. For Ireland, so far as the Irish have the power, the British legislature thereupon ceased to exist. Military force, undoubtedly, remained to compel some degree of deference to the British legislature. With its harsh application has come the old story of murder and outrage, coercion, suppression, imprisonment, libel, forgery and international anti-Irish propaganda. But the purpose of the Irish in rejecting legislation from Britain is as strong as was their purpose in rejecting landlordism. Britain's attempt to force an alternative, a modified form of political freedom, is not more likely to be successful.

This moral situation no British party, not even the Labor party, has as yet perceived. But I believe that so far as Ireland's rejection of British legislation goes, the Irish have won. British military and police and British-Irish police and Ulster Volunteers may hold the body of Ireland down for a time, and Lloyd George and his government may pump British laws into Ireland's legislative system. This sort of bullying, tried so often, cannot break down the well-seasoned will of Ireland.

The action of the Irish in proclaiming the Irish question international, in withdrawing from the British establishment, is one that free peoples are likely to endorse, so soon as they understand. Can it be compromised? Only temporarily, I believe, and then only by the will of Sinn Fein to accomodate itself to public opinion within Ireland. If Britain trusted itself to an Irish Constituent Assembly there is a bare chance that Sinn Fein might tolerate the establishment of a Dominion. That is the only possible way that Ireland could keep what it has gained, the integrity of its spirit and its will. Britain shows no more sign, however, of risking this democratic test than did the Bolsheviki in Russia. The British government prefers the methods that led to "pacification" after the manufactured rebellion of 1798. It is now, in fact, manufacturing a rebellion in Ireland.

Britain did not abandon landlordism without a struggle, although this struggle cut Ireland's population from 8,500,000 to 4,300,000. Neither will it abandon British legislation for Ireland without a struggle, although it has kept Ireland under-developed, under-educated, under-populated, over-taxed, over-policed, over-supervised. The last and most undemocratic effort of Britain will be to legislate for Ireland the form of Irish "self"-government—as if any government can be called self-government which is dictated by somebody else. The present British House of Commons is an admittedly low-grade body—a collection of "hard-faced men who look as if they had done extremely well out of the war." But even a high-grade British House of Commons would have no title to decree for Ireland the form of Irish freedom.

Lloyd George thinks differently. He says that Irish finance is a British concern, Irish defence a British concern, and the Irish relations to Ulster a British concern. He stamps his foot and says he'll fight for five years. He embarks on a full policy of coercion.

The British government starts out by letting hunger-strikers die. This is their policy not only for men arrested on grave suspicion, but for untried men presumably innocent and for men arrested on trivial suspicion. The government hopes by this species of "justice" to take the last weapon of protest away from Sinn Fein. And then to brutalize Sinn Fein into submission.

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By "brutalizé" I mean use force in a non-legal and brutal manner. It is brutal to persecute men who merely believe in self-determination, brutal to arrest without warrant or democratic process of law, brutal to invade and ransack homes late at night at the caprice of mere suspicion, brutal to try political opponents by secret military court-martial. It is brutal to sentence one set of Irishmen to long terms of imprisonment for having weapons no more deadly than pamphlets, while allowing another set of Irishmen to keep munitions of war in their homes. It is brutal to subject the civil population to military surveillance, search and curfew, to pursue them with intimidation and insult. Yet these are only the commonest forms of brutalization under the new coercion bill. Worse is the wholesale clearance of political leaders now projected, and then the goading of subordinates into rash insurrection. Such must be the effect if not the considered purpose of Lloyd George's program, carried out by certain obedient officials and certain Ulster bigots who are on top in Dublin Castle. Rebellion is the goal of this policy of coercion.

In this connection one must remember the provocations by Sinn Fein. These include raids for arms (though officially reprobated), attacks on police and military, seizure of the mails, the assassination of police officers and policemen and the assassination of government officials. On the other side must be considered the peculiar lawlessness of Britain in Ireland today. The British military and police have murdered prisoners without public reprimand. They have assassinated Irish Volunteer leaders. They have beaten prisoners. They have gone out in government lorries and destroyed co-operative creameries. They have avenged the assassination of policemen by wrecking, burning and looting. A policy of terrorism has been furthered by the hiring, at a pound a day, of British mercenaries to serve as "police" in Ireland, these mercenaries shooting up villages and destroying life and property on slight provocation. Military inquests have been substituted for coroner's inquests, to shield such acts from public opinion—except in the North, where public opinion can be relied on.

It is, as I see it, a policy to be watched with close interest by radicals and liberals everywhere. For what, after all, is the revolution for which Sinn Fein is contending? Is it Bolshevism? Is it syndicalism? Is it godlessness and irreligion? Is it anarchy? On the contrary, it is the most simple and elementary political proposal, about as wild as woman-suffrage. It is merely that the Irish be permitted to devise legislation for themselves. Nothing more catastrophic than that. It involves no new idea whatever. It involves an idea as old and as familiar, and as moss-grown, and as harmless, as the American Revolution of 1776. Yet Britain, the much-advertised sponsor of human liberty and public law, has loaded Ireland with troops, declared the suspension of civil law and universal coercion, handed Belfast over to the pogrom-makers and gun-runners, rather than submit to this challenge of her domination.

Yet I cannot believe in the policy of reconquest, provided Sinn Fein keeps its own moral orientation. Only two dangers threaten this. One is the danger of meeting persecution with outrage, as desired by provocative officialdom. The other is the danger of Sinn Fein illiberalism in the case of Ulster.

If Sinn Fein meets British violence and coercion with passionate reprisal, the emphasis will be shifted from the principle of self-government to the principle or unprinciple of war. Reconquest then becomes permissible and Sinn Fein loses.

If Sinn Fein does not propose self-determination for Ulster Sinn Fein also loses, though it is Sinn Fein, not Britain, which has the right to the initiative in this matter. The only way to bring Belfast into Ireland is to let Belfast first vote itself out of Ireland. Conquest is morally repugnant, and physically improbable. If Belfast and Orange Ulster have a taste of exclusion from Ireland, and Ireland goes ahead independently, the probable result will be Ulster's desire to join forces with the Irish people on democratic terms.

Whether Sinn Fein will elevate its own program in this fashion depends mainly on the Catholic hierarchy of Ulster. A few years ago, under pressure from Redmond and Devlin, they accepted partition after a terrible struggle. They were thereafter cheated by the Britain that had challenged them to accept partition. It is a serious question whether it can be done again.

Apart from Sinn Fein illiberalism regarding Ulster and an outburst of violence that forfeits sympathy, I can see nothing but degradation for Britain in continuing to oppose Sinn Fein. Is Britain capable of avoiding this degradation? Who can tell? The release of Egypt shows that in Britain there is still a liberal tradition, a capacity for irradiating imperial policy with imagination and intelligence, an ability to rise above the Foreign Office. But it is Britain that must yield, not the Irish who believe in self-government. These Irish may go through all the horrors of underground revolution and hate and vengefulness. Abandon Sinn Fein they cannot and will not. The power that seeks to coerce them is poisoning itself.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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The Campaign in California

FOUR years ago California was the pivotal state in the Presidential election, and it was popularly (and not always justly) reported that the simultaneous campaign of Governor Hiram W. Johnson for the Senate had much to do with making it pivotal.

The California situation is now far from presenting equivalent dramatic possibilities. On the contrary, it is distressingly "regular." The senatorial primary just held has resulted in the first Old Guard victory since before the famous Johnson crusade of 1910. The Old Guard, to be sure, this time included some who were New Guard then. Victorious Reform accumulates its feudal vassals also. They may differ in purpose and character from the vassals of the old machine, but not in the temperamental personalism of their loyalties. So when Samuel M. Shortridge, long the most magniloquent spokesman of the old régime in California, announced his support of Senator Johnson's irreconcilable attitude on the League of Nations, the feudal fraction of the Johnson organization forgave him his life-long opposition to all their other principles, and accepted him as one of themselves. When he became a candidate before the Republican primaries for the Senate, he received their support, but this does not alter the fact that his nomination is a positively Old Guard victory.

There were originally four candidates for the Republican nomination to contest the election with Senator Phelan, who was assured the Democratic nomination unopposed. They were curiously paired off. Two, S. M. Shortridge and William Kent, were from northern California; the other two, A. J. Wallace and E. A. Meserve, were from southern California. Each pair had one progressive and one conservative: Kent and Wallace, progressives, and Shortridge and Meserve, conservatives. Of the northern pair, Shortridge was wet and Kent moderately dry. In the south Wallace was radically and Meserve mildly dry. On the League of Nations, Shortridge was against it; Kent for it, with reservations; Wallace for it, with or without reservations, and Meserve non-committal.

With both Senators now from the north, the sectional argument for a southern Senator seemed very persuasive. California is larger than Germany or Japan and longer than Italy. Northern and southern California are separated by a high mountain range and a desert larger than Massachusetts, and are inhabited by radically different sorts of people. Under pressure of this argument Meserve withdrew, leaving the southern field to Wallace. Nevertheless, Wallace came out a poor third, and even in southern California many more votes were cast for the two northern candidates combined than for him.

Shortridge made his campaign on Republican regularity and opposition to the League of Nations. He is a curious personage. Intellectually he is a duplicate of Senator Harding, except that the echoes in his mental corridors date from about a decade further back. In personality, however, he is much more spectacular. Though a comparatively young man, he is the last survivor of the orotund school of oratory which flourished before the Civil War. Tall, slender, with a heavy-tragedian countenance and a stage presence, his Delsartian arms are terminated by fingers which are a peroration in themselves. He could have played Polonius as Shakespeare conceived him, or made a delightfully original Malvolio. If he reaches the Senate he will be one of its most picturesque figures. Whether he turns out to be impressive or funny may depend on how much he overdoes the heavy role. For wisdom—he will fill Harding's vacancy.

In the three-cornered fight remaining, Wallace appealed to southern provincialism, to the radical drys, and to the active Protestant Church vote. He represented the southern California type of progressives, who are moral reformers rather than economic liberals. Kent ran on his record as a reformer in Chicago, in California and in Congress, and on an intelligently advanced economic program. The two Progressives combined received a majority of all the votes, but Shortridge had a plurality over Kent of nearly 25,000, and is the nominee.

Behind this Senatorial primary looms also the background of the Presidential primary, both important in estimating the forces which will determine the coming election. California is the home state of both Hiram Johnson and Herbert Hoover. It is the one state in which they contended at the primaries and was probably the only state in which the League of Nations issue was sharply drawn. Johnson won the Republican primaries overwhelmingly, but Hoover received 210,000 Republican votes. He would have carried the Democratic primaries unanimously if he had been a candidate. These 210,000 votes, plus an undetermined fraction of the Johnson votes, were all for the League of Nations. Hiram Johnson is the most popular

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figure and the strongest vote-getter California has ever produced. As a personal candidate, he could carry California against anybody, on either side of any issue. Hoover, on the other hand, though a legal resident of California, has no wide local acquaintance, and his public services have been rendered no more to California than to any other state. This tremendous personal handicap in favor of Johnson must therefore be discounted in estimating its bearing upon the League of Nations issue. All that is certain is that the number of pro-League Republicans in California was very much in excess of the Hoover vote of 210,000.

Under the California law, voters must record their party affiliations when they register, to qualify them to vote at party primaries. The registration of California is overwhelmingly Republican. Every county in the state shows a registered Republican majority. Counting those registered as Republicans or Democrats, dividing the Progressive and "declined to state" votes between the major parties in the same proportions, and assigning the registrations of the other minor parties to those parties, it figures out a Republican majority of 532,000. If the Democrats are to carry the state for either President or Senator, they must overcome this enormous apparent lead. But it must not be forgotten that four years ago Hiram Johnson, Republican, carried the state by 296,815, while Charles Evans Hughes, Republican, lost it by 3,773. Anything may happen in California. The strongest Republican district in the state has for years been represented in Congress by a Democrat. For most offices, Republicans and Democrats habitually nominate the same persons. The average member elected to the legislature has two and one-fifth party nominations. One member of Congress elected last time had the nominations of five parties. The Democratic voters, at the primaries two years ago, defeated a Democrat and gave the Democratic majority to a Republican, for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Senator Phelan, on the other hand, when elected to the Senate as a Democrat six years ago, was a minority winner on a three-cornered fight. The registration then was overwhelmingly Republican, with the Democrats a poor second and the Progressives an insignificant third. Yet the Democrat was elected, with the Progressive a close second and the Republican a poor third. This year it will be a straight contest between Phelan, Democrat, and Shortridge, Republican. But these figures show that nothing can be predicted on the California party registration. This year hundreds of thousands of traditional Democrats must have registered as Republicans, to vote in the Republican Presidential and senatorial primaries, where the only contests were. Also, there are at least half a million pro-League Republicans whose party affiliations are now in suspense.

On the senatorship, personal resentments growing out of pre-primary bitterness will play their part. Senator Phelan, having the Democratic nomination uncontested, accumulated no such resentments. Wallace has congratulated Shortridge, and will personally abide by the rules of the game. His followers do not like Shortridge, but they like Phelan less. They are largely Middle West Protestant Church people, and dry. Shortridge is wet, but so is Phelan. Phelan is a Democrat and a Catholic. Both are raucously anti-Japanese. As between these, the Methodist, retired Iowa farmer, Republican type will prefer Shortridge. Kent, on the other hand, is openly insurgent. His vote was much larger than Wallace's and is less deliverable. The laboring people supported him for the nomination but are for Phelan for the election. The pro-League Republicans might vote for Senator Johnson personally, but they are not so easily swerved to Shortridge on the same issue. And Progressives of the type whose temperamental loyalty is stronger to issues than to persons will not easily forget that Shortridge is and always has been a reactionary to every principle they have held dear. They may not admire Senator Phelan unconditionally, but they remember him as always a progressive Democrat with whom, from his service as mayor of San Francisco, through the graft prosecutions (in which, with Spreckels, he was "traitor to his class") and in a multitude of public activities they have found themselves generally in accord. Whether even these considerations can overcome a nominal majority of more than half a million votes may be doubtful. This is "a Republican year" and a reactionary year. A year in which Harding is possible may be a year in which Shortridge is also possible. But even against these figures, the election of Phelan is at least mathematically possible. Since, with the present close division, the party control of the Senate may easily depend on the California vote, this is important.

On the Presidency the situation is less developed. The commonest expression is one of discouraged disgust with both nominees. Californians are better educated than most people in the idea that it is the business of the people to make their own nominations. Senator Johnson is actively supporting Harding on the League of Nations issue, but he has declared that this is only a truce, and that as soon as America is safely rescued from the menace of the League the fight to overthrow the misrepresentative system which dictated the

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nomination this year must be taken up again. Republicans who do not share Senator Johnson's apprehensions of the League may not find it so urgent to postpone the fight until after election. If the Democratic nominee or the methods which nominated him were enough better to make it worth while, there is undoubtedly enough Republican disgust in California to stampede the state Democratic. Or if Cox were fighter enough, he would have a fighting chance to win the state. As yet he has scarcely made sufficient impression to justify predicting a stampede as possible. If there were some mind-reading machine which could uncover and tabulate the thoughts of men, even its record would probably not indicate the final result, since that result will depend on the votes of those who do not yet know how they are going to vote. In this, California probably does not differ much from the rest of the country.

CHESTER H. ROWELL.

Human Emotions—and Billy

IF anyone had told me that Little Lord Fauntleroy had played an important part in shaping my idea of family relationships, I should have denied it indignantly. Since Billy's recent visit, however, I have discovered that disappointment about certain characteristics of my young nephew can be traced directly to my early reading of Mrs. Burnett's masterpiece. Not that I wanted Billy to wear velvet jackets, lace collars and curls. Far from it. But I looked for certain sentiments in Billy. Lord Fauntleroy adored his mother and called her "Dearest." As I remember, he was always affectionate, demonstrative and aware of the beauty of human relations.

As a little boy Billy had some of these traits. He was companionable. He had many hoarded treasures—stamps, coins, posters, to display. He would even cuddle occasionally, particularly if by so doing the moment of retiring could be postponed. These chummy visits of ours were in my mind when I went to the Grand Central station to meet him. It was two years since I had been with him, and I pictured a sturdy little figure with eager brown eyes and a captivating smile. I met, instead, a huge, awkward creature, all legs, with flaunting long pants and a bristly, wettish pompadour. He was about as cuddly as an antlered moose.

Billy suffered a kiss of greeting, but I noticed that as he offered his cheek he gave a rather wild look around the station, to see if it was observed. Of course, I expected nothing so Fauntleroyesque as "Dearest," or even "Tante," but his laconic "Hello—say, I'm awfully hungry. It takes a pile to fill me up now. Let's start"—put a slight chill upon my impulse to speak of my delight in seeing him again. I led him at once to a restaurant.

After ordering the supply of filling and bulky foods he chose, including roast beef, mashed potatoes, macaroni, green corn, strawberry shortcake and ice-cream, I sat back, expecting my nephew to notice me, so to speak; indicate affectionate interest in our meeting. But not so. Hardly had the waiter disappeared when I realized that Billy was suffering acutely. He seemed most uncomfortably aware of himself, myself and the people about us. Moreover, I saw that he was painfully worried, fearing apparently that I might do something conspicuous. He glanced about so furtively that I asked what was the matter.

"Nothing," he said, "except they all stare so. I think everyone in this room is looking at us."

Glancing around, I could not discover one person in the throng of busy eaters who was aware of Billy's or my presence in the dining-room. But Billy was acutely aware of everybody there, and then I knew that he was in the throes of first self-consciousness. I remembered, years back, my aunt took me somewhere, and a recollection of the way I suffered from the fear that we might be observed by others flashed upon me. I didn't like her hat, and when anyone glanced in our direction it gave me an uneasy and apologetic feeling. Still, it had never occurred to me that Billy might be even half ashamed of my appearance. Previously he had expressed approval. Indeed, only two short years ago he had given me a gorgeous purple ribbon from a candy box, with the request that I wear it across my forehead to increase what he thought was a slight resemblance to Fritter's sister who was at college and "some pippin." Now, he was unable to trust either himself or his relatives. Fauntleroy, I recall, was proud of his kin.

Billy was quite wretched while I was paying the bill and tipping the waiter. I think he was afraid I would not do exactly the right thing, although I heard him mutter something about "six sodas" as the waiter pocketed the change.

I am a sufficiently enlightened aunt to know that family scenes around the reading lamp are no longer in vogue. I did not expect to read Scott or Stevenson aloud to Billy. We started directly for a moving picture show.

There again I realized Billy's entire absence f sentiment. The "comics" entranced him. He applauded vigorously when a pail of wet paint fell over a man's head and when a woman dropped off the back of a cart and rolled down the street. When anything of a gentle or happy nature occurred

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he was bored. At the love interest, which came in its appointed time, he was frankly disgusted. And when the hero kissed his mother good-bye and the verses of the song, "She Is the Dearest, Sweetest Mother in the Wide, Wide World," were flashed on the screen, he was ready to depart.

"Ah, cut out the jazz!" he said. "Say, I won a bet at school—fifteen ice-cream sodas in one afternoon." This I took to be my cue. We started for the nearest drug store. A terrifying dish that looked like a cubist lobster salad appealed to him tremendously. He recognized it at once and called it by name.

"May I have two?" he asked solicitously. "It takes a lot to fill me up now."

Two seemed to have the lubricating effect that cocktails possessed in pre-prohibition days.

"You ought to see Fritters now. He wants to treat girls to sodas all the time. He makes me walk with them, but I won't go unless he pays for the sodas. It would take some little queen to get my allowance."

"Don't you like to treat any more?" Billy had always been a great sharer. Once he passed a box of candy around on the street car to the amusement of the passengers and the dismay of his mother, who was the owner of the box. He gave a reassuring grin.

"Sure; I treat. You got to treat fellers; nix on girls. Always hanging around expecting something. No skirts for muh!" (Billy's English and enunciation were made in Boston, where he was in process of education.)

Then, as if to convince me of his generosity, he added: "Fritters spent all his allowance on a girl he knows. I gave him half of mine this month. That kinder puts me in a hole. Got any spare chicken feed with you? I could use it for tipping, you know, at camp."

At about this point I began to realize that relatives were chiefly sources of supply to Billy; faucets to turn for a stream of silver, or bills if possible. He gave me a graphic description of a financial system he had worked out by which every member of the family contributed in some way to his spending money. His grandmother paid him for a weekly letter. It usually contained an itemized list of his more pressing wants, with a postscript saying, "Isn't this pretty good, two pages?" His grandfather had made an agreement to supply an allowance on condition that he refrain from smoking until the age of twenty-one. His parents were expected to give, anyway, but I came in as an extra, and I suspected that he had a gentleman's agreement with an uncle. Such financial astuteness prognosticated a business career rather than one in the ministry or college teaching, of which his parents had hopes, it seemed to me.

As we walked toward Fifth Avenue I saw an opportunity to enlarge Billy's horizon.

"Wouldn't you like to see the Public Library?"

He consented. Apparently it was his idea of fair play to endure some cultivation in exchange for my courtesies. We walked around the building, completing the square in silence. I expected Billy to be somewhat impressed. In fact he seemed to be thinking deeply. Suddenly he said: "You know, if you could take out all the stuff inside—lift the roof off and leave all those window places empty, wouldn't it make a corking tennis court!"

We walked up the Avenue and when we reached Saint Patrick's Cathedral, "Let me show you how it looks inside," I suggested, remembering the wonder of my first glimpse of a great cathedral.

Billy looked around cautiously, as if to make sure that no one was watching us. He hesitated a moment, then followed me. For a brief second I felt his surprise; he did respond to the beauty of the interior. Then his stoicism returned, and fearing that he might betray emotion or interest he turned toward the door.

"Some jazz—some jazz, all right. Let's go and see that boat model in the window back there."

I surrendered. Billy did not belong in the cathedral, nor were libraries for him. He lived in an objective world. Apparently it was a point of honor with him not to feel or express sentiment. The world was a happy hunting ground and adventures were on every side, but no adventures of the mind or heart. And at his age human relationships, except with contemporaries who have a similar code, were to be endured rather than enjoyed. I realized how my idea of a boy's attitude toward his family and toward life in general had been formulated by Mrs. Burnett. I would have liked a nephew who spoke tenderly of his mother as "Dearest," and at fourteen knew how to appreciate kinship. But I suppose the joke is on me—not on Billy.

FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON.

An Indian Showing Feats

The quickness that he won in the death-chase
Out on the plains five hundred moons ago;
The hardness wrought with hungers, and the skill
That notched that hardness, arrow to that bow:

He shows them these, while these depart from him
Like warriors softly-shod, with bodies bent:
They pass the mesa bluff; around it howl
The coyotes in long, lonely discontent.

PADRAIC COLUM.

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Farmer-Labor: The Background

I WANT to ask to be allowed to discuss this matter out of my own personal experiences and feelings. In other words, I want to ask to be allowed to be reasonably honest about it. Who can be sure that what he thinks is the result of thought? It may be the result of getting hit by bricks.

I have got hit by a lot of them. For twenty years —from 1900 to 1920—I practised a journalism which could only be described as a diligent effort to persuade myself and other people that this world could be made into a very nice world without jarring it. It could be made to evolve gently into a democratic and cooperative world through getting accustomed to performing acts of justice and kindliness.

I remember that I wrote articles in favor of day-nurseries—places where mothers could leave their babies while they themselves went off to work in cotton-mills; and I remember that it seemed to me to be very admirable that the owners of the cotton-mills should subscribe to the support of the day-nurseries, thus putting everything on a high level of generous impulse.

I also wrote articles later in favor of "Mothers' Pensions"—stipends from the state to enable destitute widows to stay at home with their babies at the expense of the tax-payers. I thought it was a very good idea. I still think so. I was pleased to see that my articles about it—along with hundreds of other articles about it by hundreds of other writers—were rewarded by the passage of quite a few laws doing what we were at first laughed at for suggesting. I poured an earnest drop into the stream which made that humanitarian reform.

But I always did think that the real end of humanitarian reform was to make the world humane.

I wrote also heavily and heatedly in favor of laws obliging employers to compensate their workmen for all accidents suffered in the course of employment, and was laughed at, and saw the laws come. I wrote also in favor of larger forecastles for seamen.

In fact, I think I may say that there were few measures of humane justice from the powerful to the powerless that I did not try to forward with whatever little forwarding I could give them, from one little insecure rock in the terrible rolling rapids of daily, weekly and monthly ink.

Then after twenty years of it, and after all that I had written, and after all that thousands of readier writers than I had written, and after the acceptance and enactment of a great multitude of humanitarian reforms, I had the slightly painful experience of observing that the world was less humane, more brutal, more savage, more wilfully cruel, than ever, and that the era which opened with the spectacle of the rise of Jane Addams could close with the rise of A. Mitchell Palmer.

Twenty years of humanitarianism, and more commercialism and terrorism than ever at home and more imperialism than ever abroad! Twenty years of lessons in love by kindly good works, and more mobs in the streets, more profiteers in the counting houses, more marines on the oceans, more bayonets in the bowels of weak foreign peoples!

I could not dodge that brick. The point of it seemed to be that if I would change my method of trying to regenerate the world, I would run no risks of getting poorer results.

I began to reflect on regeneration, and presently I was struck by the amazing intelligence of the Christian religion. In the Christian religion it is not thought that regeneration comes from good works. It is thought that regeneration requires some sort of inward structural change. It is thought that a man in order to be saved needs to be quite considerably jarred by a sacrament or conversion or something. I said to myself:

Why should I have expected that society would "evolve" into regeneration? Why should I have expected that without any change in structure it would change in spirit?

But what is its structure? We all know. We know but we hate to say. And we have very good reason for hating to say.

In every one of us there lingers an echo of the gospels. And we know that in the gospels there is just one steady economic teaching. And we know what that one teaching is. It is that personal possessions are a hindrance to the highest living. It is that if a man would be perfect he must strip himself of personal possessions.

Now, of course, we at once reply—and with truth—that it is not given to all men to follow the ways of perfection. It is not given to all men to become saints. It is certainly not given to me. I like to drive a car and I cannot imagine Saint Francis driving a car. I can rather imagine his refusing to let me give him a lift to the next town—or trying to persuade me that I would be a better man if I would drive bare-foot. He was—I fear —an "extremist."

Yet he seems to have had great glimmers of sense. When the Bishop of Assisi tried to make him take some property for himself and for his companions, he made an answer which perhaps ought to have hung before the statesmen in the Peace Conference at Paris when they were giving out—and accepting—"mandates."

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He said that if he took that property, why, presently he and his companions would be arming themselves to defend it and to fight about it with other people. So he would not take it.

Myself, I regard St. Francis as a considerable expert on disarmament—and on industrial peace. And I go back in memory to a very simple and easy question which occurred to me at least eighteen years ago without doing me the slightest good.

I was quit of school; and, having with great wisdom confined my study of history to centuries far in the past, I was writing my daily snatches of contemporary history with enormous amazements of discovery. I said to myself then:

"I notice that all positions of any important influence whatever in the Republican party or in the Democratic party are held by persons belonging to the class of people who live by the ownership of property—persons belonging to the propertied class as members, or belonging to it as associates, or belonging to it as belongings. And I notice that this state of things is the direct and necessary result of a certain other state of things, as follows:

"People get used to getting ordered around by property all day long in the course of getting their livelihood. They get in the habit. I am living in a working-class lodging-house in the Stockyards District in Chicago. My fellow-lodgers and my neighbors are ordered around all day long in the Yards by persons whose title of authority is that they own that property or are agents of the owners. Then my fellow-lodgers and neighbors vote.

"They vote with minds in which it is the possessor of possessions who is the 'boss,' and who is the 'prominent citizen.' They may dislike their 'boss' in the Yards. They may think he is a bad 'boss.' But boss-ship by property is nevertheless the only boss-ship they know. And so on election day and on primary day they go and vote for some direct or indirect representative of property who will be—they think—a good 'boss.'

"Thus"—I said to myself—"thus personal possessions, even through those who are poor in them, become the Government. Personal possessions are not only the objects of personal pursuit. They are not only the emblems of individual success. They are not only the method of command in industry. But, through being the method of command in industry, and through saturating the minds not only of the commanders but of the commanded, they become both of the great political parties and heart of the local government and of the state government and of the government at Washington. And we are certainly going to have a terrible time if anything they told me in Sunday School is true. For look!

"It might be allowable to pursue personal possessions for personal pleasure. It might be allowable for ordinary people to step aside quite a lot from the paths of perfection. I will say it is. I will say it is very allowable for the mass of us to linger a long way behind the saints. I am no communist. Far from it. I defend and practise the possession of property as part of the necessary personality of people living in the world and not in a circle of the especially elect. But!

"There is a distinction. Property as the means by which a man in an imperfect world of imperfect people defends his personality and his livelihood and his access to the earth and to its fruits for himself and his household—that is one thing! But property as the means by which one man tells thousands of other men when to stand and when to sit and when to come in out of the rain and when to chase themselves back outdoors out of a job and drown—that is another! And to take property—to take the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches—to take the thing which no really sublime character, whether at Nazareth or at Assisi or elsewhere, has ever failed to find choking to him or has ever failed to curse or to scorn or at least to snub and to forget—to take that thing and to make it into the very thing on which all command, all rule, all government, all order, is founded and grounded—why! How can that house stand? How can that world get better?"

So I argued with myself then—out of pure theory—out of pure theory drawn from early forcible feedings with the pure milk of the word as set to cool in the first four books of the New Testament. But I could not be educated by any theory. I had to be educated in a brickyard.

I started in to try to persuade property to share its power without giving up any part of its legal title to that power. I went in strong for "recognition of the union" and for "sitting about the same table with the chosen representatives of the men" and all that sort of thing.

I thought I was most persuasive about it. And I thought that Mr. Gompers was even more persuasive than I. He in his larger corner and I in my small one, we did our best to persuade property to put gravel under its house built on the sand.

And at the end of twenty years of it we saw the aggregated great employers of the United States in their greatest associations committing themselves with a new zeal to a perfidious "open shop" principle which is nothing less than an effort to destroy the union utterly and to retract and rescind the charters of recognition granted to American unionism during the late war under the protection and pressure of the Government. And we have seen

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that Government—we have seen the Democratic party stand by and look on with indifference while its own arrangements during the war were replaced by contrary arrangements when the war was over.

That brick did really do me some good. I said:

"Again I have been taught that the Bible is really a great book. It says that people are not perfect, but imperfect. They are. And because they are, they will always use all their legal power, all their legal title, in the fullest possible way for themselves. What does it mean to ask for a 'square deal' from superiors to inferiors? It means you get continued inferiority and a crooked deal."

And the crooked deal came at the very moment when the rains were descending and the floods were coming and the winds were blowing and the sand was giving way under the house on the sand. It came at the very moment when in this country at last, as in all the older capitalistic countries long ago, the ancient habits of industriousness and of conscientiousness in daily work, derived from the age of feudalism, began to melt so manifestly that the whole country was filled with laments about slack workers and bad workmanship.

Twenty years of humanitarianism and of a unionism content to allow capital to be the only legal insider in industry and standing up to represent the employees only as legal outsiders—and then what?

Then a world morally worse than ever, and a dead-set by capital against even that sort of unionism, and an accelerating decline of the qualities of work and of workmanship without which no efficiency and no morality of daily working life is in the end possible.

That last brick was the largest. I took it to my friends in the Republican party and in the Democratic party, and I took it to the Farmer-Labor party convention, and I asked:

"How are you going to make people work? Let them be cruel. Let them be perfidious. How are you going to make them work?"

WILLIAM HARD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Has Cox a Mexican Policy?

SIR: In its issue of August 11th the New Republic declared that Mr. Cox:

> "will be well within the truth if he insists that the election of Mr. Harding is equivalent to a declaration of war [upon Mexico], a war which all the world will call a war of brazen conquest, a war that for long generations will destroy the possibility of friendship with Latin America, a war which army officers estimate will require half a million men and eight years to finish."

Your readers were further told that "Mexico is the most concrete issue at stake in this campaign. If that war is undertaken, everything else that is being talked about, the League, taxes, decentralization, labor unrest, will be engulfed."

In its issue of September 22nd the New Republic advises "liberal voters" to "refrain from voting the Democratic ticket," adding that "where they place their votes, so long as they do not connive at Democratic success, does not matter much this year."

The certain result of the abstention of all "liberal voters" from voting the Democratic ticket will be the election of Harding, which is "equivalent to a declaration of war" against Mexico.

Will the New Republic explain to its puzzled readers how its two editorial articles are to be reconciled? Has any utterance of Mr. Harding's since August 11th shown that his probable Mexican policy will not be such as was then forecast? If so, what utterances? Or is it the opinion of the New Republic that "it does not matter much" whether we have war with Mexico or not? Or is it the purpose of the New Republic to assist in bringing about the election of a candidate whom it expects to lead us into war?

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

Baltimore, Maryland.

[The incongruity of the two statements is unmistakable, and the editors have been derelict in failing to make clear the reasons for their change of emphasis from early August to mid-September.

When the campaign opened it was the hope of the editors that in spite of everything they could support the Democratic candidate. They would have done so had Mr. Cox showed the courage and sincerity needed to force Mr. Harding into the open on the issue of Mexico. But Mr. Cox has evaded Mexico as he has evaded everything else. He has given no definite pledge of his own conduct. Past experience with the Democratic party, and the unstable and demagogic character of the candidate, convinced the New Republic that there was no clear alternative to Republican policy in Mexico.

To be sure it is true that the President has not intervened, and that is deeply to his credit, but he has tolerated an officialdom so unfriendly to Mexico, and has had so little constructive interest in Mexico, that no one can say the Democrats are genuine anti-interventionists. So far as the editors could learn Mr. Cox swims with the current wherever it goes, and if the current were towards intervention there is nothing to indicate that he would resist it.

In the meantime there has been an apparent turn for the better in Mexico. The reports seem to show that the new regime is determined to deprive the next administration of a good pretext for intervention. The pretext may be created, to be sure. Mr. Harding's senatorial friends would seize it. Mr. Cox would have to be stampeded. Is there anything in his campaign to indicate that he is not the kind of politician who can be stampeded? To resist intervention should the occasion arise, to forestall intervention so that the occasion shall not arise requires an austerity of conviction and a quality of statesmanship which to our way of thinking, Mr. Cox does not possess. The hope of preventing war with Mexico does not rest on either candidate. It rests on the Mexican government and American public opinion.—THE EDITORS.]

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Economic Theory Reviving

Profits, Wages and Prices, by David Friday. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

ECONOMIC theory, throughout the period of the war and since, has seemed something very remote from life. We did not consult the theorists on the question whether America could or could not carry the immense economic burdens she assumed with belligerency. In our war labor policies we gave very little heed to the well thought-out theories of wages offered by the authorities. We did not consult the economic theorists when we revolved grandiose plans of reconstruction, nor when we scrapped those plans incontinently. The theories did not seem to apply. More than almost anything else one could think of, they had a distinctive ante bellum flavor.

Of course we were too extreme. An orthodox economist, checking up our recent economic policy, could indicate many points in which we needlessly incurred losses or forfeited possible gains through disregard of established principles. In the main, however, it was a sound instinct that made us dissatisfied with the old theoretical formulations. The theorists will have to bring their body of doctrine down to date. That they recognize the necessity and are hard at work squaring themselves with new facts and conditions is evident to students from the current discussions in the professional journals. The general reader will find in Professor Friday's book a striking instance of the newer tendencies. It is economic theory which retains all the logical vigor of the works of the old school, yet faces the new facts and breathes a new spirit. The book is uncommonly readable and interesting, besides, and offers a hope that the new theory will be couched in terms that everybody can understand.

What started Professor Friday on this inquiry was the amazing exhibition of reserve economic power given by every belligerent state during the war. We Americans had regarded ourselves as an efficient people. Our scheme of production and distribution, though perhaps not very admirable in point of justice and humanity, seemed marvellous in point of efficiency. But during the war, in spite of the withdrawal of millions of men from production, we not only contributed fifteen billions a year to the support of our armies and the relief of our allies, but we fed and clothed the mass of our people better than we had ever done before, and at the same time added enormously to our accumulated wealth. It is not merely that our production of values increased tremendously. We produced physical goods in quantities so vast that if they had been applied to civil uses they would have sufficed to place our whole population on a decent living standard. If a great part of our working class lives in poverty, it is not because of the niggardliness of nature nor because we have not attained to a state of technical development efficient enough to produce adequate necessities for all. It is because our economic machine does not respond with full effectiveness except under such abnormal impulses as patriotism aroused by war. The implications of this are hopeful. Perhaps we shall some day realize that poverty is as serious a menace to our national welfare as were the designs of the Kaiser. If ever we do, we shall find it in our power to abolish poverty.

That, it may be said, has been understood by the socialists for about a hundred years. Poverty, they have taught, is a vice of unequal distribution. If all that is produced were equitably divided, everybody would have enough. Yes, but is that all there is to the case, or is it an important consideration what might happen to production after redistribution had been effected? Professor Friday recognizes that the unequal distribution of wealth may have had a good deal to do with supplying us with the capital equipment which enabled us to solve our war time production problem; but he thinks the time has come when a good share of the surplus income could profitably be devoted to raising the standard of living. Still, it was not primarily the redistribution of income that gave us general employment and higher wages during the war, but increased production. It is to increased production that we must look for future progress. Something might indeed be gained by distributing profits—the surplus above ordinary interest on capital—but not nearly so much as one might think. For colossal as the aggregate of profits appears, it would suffice for only a ten per cent advance in wages all around. And labor needs more than ten per cent, and must have more.

If any one is disposed to question this conclusion, I can only refer him to the book, which gives in brief compass the most comprehensive statement anywhere accessible of the present distribution of income in the United States. Especially interesting is the account of profits. You see the volume of net income of corporations leaping from three and three-quarter billions in 1914 to eight and three-quarters in 1916 and ten and three-quarters in 1917. There was a recession to nine and a half in 1918 and eight and a half in 1919. After 1916 the excess profits tax got in its work, cutting the 1917 figure back to eight and a half billions and the later aggregates to around six and a half. Those are still goodly sums, enough, at first sight to whet one's rage against the profiteers. And yet, when one reflects on the rise of prices since 1914, one is forced to the conclusion that we have after all kept the profiteers pretty well in check. They could not buy so much with six billion and a half in 1919 as with three and three-quarters in 1914. They have been fattened on illusions.

That is not to say that some of them have not fattened prodigiously on realities. Aggregates give no clue to the distribution within the class. Different industries, as Professor Friday shows, have been treated very unequally by the blind forces of profit distribution. So have different establishments in the same industry. Some have had too little to encourage them to put forth their best efforts and others much more than was required for the purpose. That, in the last analysis, is the irrefutable argument for the principle of excess profits taxation. Granting the necessity of profits in an industrial scheme organized to throw control almost exclusively into the hands of the profit takers, there still remains a point beyond which an excess of profit does not function as a motive for production. It is a treasure trove. It is an appropriate source of income for the state. Far better take that than distribute a corresponding burden on other incomes, which are really operating to encourage production.

But to return to the underlying theme of the book, the real work of the future is to get out of our productive system all that is in it, to the end that abundance of all the necessities may make a decent life possible for all. That work will not be accomplished through laissez-faire. A social-political impulse, conscious of the ideal humanitarian end, must supplement the profit motive, as patriotism supplemented it in the war.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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Mr. Galsworthy's Plays

Plays. Fourth Series. A Bit o' Love; The Foundations; The Skin Game, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE three plays here gathered together illustrate well the imperfectly mingled ingredients of Mr. Galsworthy's temperament. To the reader who revolts against the rather sickly sentiment of the first of them and who has smiled half-heartedly at the forced comedy, in which the same sentiment still appears, in the second, the virility and grasp of the third comes as a tonic. Michael Strangway, a poor curate, is the protagonist of A Bit o' Love. He has taken Saint Francis of Assisi as his model in life and like him he pours warm and unreasoning love upon all things around him: upon the birds and flowers and children; upon the dull-minded scandal-loving villagers; and upon his own beautiful wife who, finding the air in which be breathes too rare for her earthly spirit, has abandoned him to live with her paramour. After a brief struggle with himself he heeds her plea not to ruin the career of her lover by bringing suit against her for divorce. The villagers, being ordinary folk, do not comprehend the love that inspires this apparently cowardly resignation; and Strangway is hissed and jeered. In a final scene in which various stale theatrical devices are employed, Strangway's despair brings him close to suicide, but in the end he is on the road to comfort through loyalty to his ideal. The "average man," sympathizing somewhat with the villagers' point of view, will find the little drama flabby and wishy-washy. Mr. Galsworthy would reply that it is against this average opinion that he protests.

The Foundations, first produced during the war, reaches forward to the coming struggle between Capital and Labor, a problem of immense seriousness towards the solution of which no advance can be made by rather pointlessly humorous treatment even when that humor is tinged with the characteristic Galsworthian fraternalism. A harangue to a revolutionary-minded crowd by a little blighter of a plumber saves Lord William Dromondy (or Dromedary, as the blighter calls him) from having his residence plundered, for the orator tells the mob of the sandwiches and wine which Lord William's footmen are about to serve them and of the ten bob a week promised by him to the plumber's mother, an aged sweat-shop worker. This opportune speech saves the situation; but what about Lord William's numerous fellows of a less philanthropic turn of mind? And what if the Reds (so-called) do not consent to be so cheaply bought off?

After this poor stuff, The Skin Game (now playing, by the way, in London) brings us back to the best abilities of Galsworthy, the dramatist. Recalling in a way Gissing's Demos, it represents the clash between a family of the landed gentry and a new-rich manufacturer who is invading the district with his smoke-vomiting landscape-ruining chimneys. The refined instincts of Hillcrist, the country squire, protest feebly against the snobbishness of his wife; the better breeding of the manufacturer's son protests unavailingly against the vulgarity of his father. But the rivalry comes to a head in a tense and excellently devised scene in which the two men bid against each other for a parcel of land adjoining the squire's estate. New wealth triumphs over old blood; but having touched pitch the hands of the aristocrats are defiled and the squire consents reluctantly to the particularly detestable species of black-mail whereby his wife succeeds in driving the odious intruders away from the entire district. The triumph is empty and Hillcrist's last words are: "When we began this fight, we had clean hands—are they clean now? What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?" The play has not the intense appeal that makes Strife and Justice illustrious in the contemporary drama; but in the theme there is genuinely dramatic conflict and the interest is sustained by mastery of stage-craft, by convincing dialogue, and by strong clear-cut well differentiated characterization.

S. C. C.

Limbo

Limbo, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY, a new and extremely prepossessing English writer, has just been introduced to America with two volumes, Limbo, a collection of prose sketches written in a vein that is, to say the least, individual, and Leda and Other Poems, containing verse that smacks mightily of Mr. T. S. Eliot, and yet has an intriguing appeal quite its own. It was, I believe, in 1916 that Mr. Huxley's first book, The Burning Wheel, was published. A slender volume of verse, bound in paper covers and forming a link in Blackwell's Adventurers All Series, it hardly awakened more than a passing curiosity. But there was more in it than dexterous rhyming. The influence of Jules Laforgue was faintly manifesting itself; a precocious sophistication made itself dimly evident. Mr. Huxley has progressed as a poet since those days.

But it is the prose of Mr. Huxley that has suddenly projected him into the English periodicals and induced an American publisher to bring him out over here. The seven pieces that make up the book (not all of them may be defined by the term "stories") form a delectable ensemble. Mr. Huxley possesses the insolence of youth and a sprightly sophistication that can hardly be called disillusioned, although it approaches cynicism with frequency. It is a fastidious cynicism, though. If he suggests the pessimist at times we may be very sure that it is not the false pessimism of youth. He does not fly to extremes. He has not suddenly discovered that art is short and time is fleeting or that there are more people in the world intent upon bread and cheese than lyrics and lilies. Mr. Huxley is well-bred, without suggesting it. He is debonair without any flamboyant swashbuckling. He is precise in his prose and irresistible with his epigrams. Above all, he is the City. It is the sophistication of Hyde Park that he emanates.

So I come to the one English writer with whom he appears to have a certain kinship. Behind the pages of Limbo (at least for me) glimmers the nonchalant phantom of Max Beerbohm. The incomparable Max, a trifle weary, yawning a bit obviously, swings a gallant cane behind the Farcical History of Richard Greenow and Happily Ever After. He even appears, perhaps, a trifle more poetical than his wont, in Cynthia and The Bookshop. This may be doing a grave injustice to both Max Beerbohm and Mr. Huxley, and perhaps it is wise to insist that I am not attempting to postulate that the younger writer is at all aping his elders. It is merely a kinship of mood, a likeness of general attributes. The Farcical History of Richard Greenow might have fitted into Max Beerbohm's Seven Men without disordering that adorable volume in the least, but it is equally native to Limbo. Both writers

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OUR ECONOMIC AND OTHER PROBLEMS

By Otto H. Kahn

Of Mr. Kahn the late Theodore Roosevelt said: "The soundest economic thinking in this country today is being done by Otto Kahn."

Mr. Kahn occupies an international position in the world of finance. He speaks with an authority that is based on broad practical experience. He deals with today but he brings to his discussion a vision of tomorrow.

Discussing his associate, the late Edward Henry Harriman, Mr. Kahn writes:

"His death coincided with what appears to be the ending of an epoch in our economic development. His career was the embodiment of unfettered individualism. For better or for worse—personally I think for better unless we go too far and too fast—the people appear determined to put limits and restraints upon the absolutism of rulers. Therefore, I believe there will be no successor to Mr. Harriman, there will be no other career like his."

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are of the City. Both of them draw their characters with smartness and with individuality. Both of them display a sophistication that is beyond their years. Alas, we may not say this of Max now, but when we consider Max Beerbohm collecting his half dozen essays into a slender volume, writing a farewell preface to them, and publishing them as his Collected Works, while he was still in his early twenties, we smile and attribute his gesture to the insolence of youth. The same insolence hovers over Limbo. If anything, Mr. Huxley is a bit more poetic. He is urbane but not to the extent of Max Beerbohm. Neither is his gift of humor so magical, so consistent. Mr. Huxley likes to be serious at times. His sophistication does not suggest the playfulness that is evident in Mr. Beerbohm's work.

The two pieces in Limbo that appear to stand out most startlingly are The Farcical History of Richard Greenow and Happily Ever After. Both of them are animated by a worldliness that is more implicit than expressed. Richard Greenow possesses a dual mind. Mentally he is an hermaphrodite. The figure of this man changes rapidly from light comedy to tragic implications. The crashing down of the war upon England eventually destroys him. When we consider Richard, part of whose time is taken up living the life of a radical editor of a paper opposing the war and the rest of it existing as a lady novelist writing the most obvious patriotic warmush, we must smile, but behind the incongruous theme is a passionate and heart-rending situation. Even in his death-throes Richard's dual nature is fighting against itself.

Happily Ever After is obviously cynical. It is satire handled with a deftness that is admirable. There is a truthfulness about the figure of Marjorie that ought to hurt. Perhaps this story is the best in point of character drawing, for there is a roundness about all the figures that move through its action. They suggest reality in a vivid and startling fashion. If we are to consider Marjorie being comforted in the arms of George when she hears of Guy's death in battle too seriously, we are apt to grow a bit cynical about the durability of love.

"'Poor darling!' said George. 'I can't bear to see you unhappy.' Their faces were close to one another, and it seemed natural that at this point their lips should meet in a long kiss. 'We'll remember only the splendid, glorious things about Guy,' he went on—'what a wonderful person he was, and how much we loved him.' He kissed her again.

"'Perhaps our darling Guy is with us here even now,' said Marjorie, with a look of ecstasy on her face.

"'Perhaps he is,' George echoed."

While Cynthia and The Bookshop and Eupompus Gave Splendour to Art by Numbers may be merely mentioned as delicious trifles or tours de force, two other sketches in the book must be especially noted. Happy Families, written in dialogue form, possesses a symbolical significance that sets it a bit apart from the other efforts. By means of certain figures the hidden traits of the two principal personages are presented. Thus a slobbering Negro who keeps interjecting himself into the action personifies the man's primitive instincts.

The Death of Lully, which concludes the book, may be suspected of being an old legend or at least having its derivative inspiration in some old story. It is not Raimon Lully, the contemporary of Molière that is meant, but a religiast of the Mediterranean. Here again there is symbolism, and a surprisingly obvious symbolism for Mr. Huxley.

Limbo, taken as a whole, suggests a fine maturity in a writer so young. Mr. Huxley has fulfilled the promise that he intimated in his earlier books to the few who knew him, and demonstrated that he is one of the finest writers of prose in England today. He is finished and fastidious, sophisticated and diverting, an authentic figure of some actual importance and with many potentialities. That he must take a decided place among the younger contemporary writers in England is without doubt.

H. S. G.

Lucilius and Horace, by George Converse Fiske. Madison: The University of Wisconsin.

ALMOST everybody knows something about Horace, and enjoys him. Hardly anybody knows anything about Lucilius, all of whose works have perished except for fragments, few of which are interesting. Accordingly one is at first inclined to raise his brows over a new book of five hundred pages devoted to the clearing up of the relations between Horace and Lucilius. It looks like a great threshing of little straw. But on closer examination the book turns out to be something much more interesting and important. It offers a clearly outlined restatement of the classical theory of art, illustrated by the practice of that most painstaking of literary artists, Horace.

Perhaps the classical theory, with its rigid rules of the game, its insistence upon restraint and propriety, its modesty and reasonableness, is really as dead as the romantic school wished it to be, and as each successive generation of newly inspired writers declares it to be. Nevertheless, it played a significant part in history. For the better part of two thousand years cultivated men tried to conform themselves to its rules. In an age like this, curious about nearly everything, there ought to be many who would be curious about even an error so persistent as that. They will find much to interest them in this book of Professor Fiske's. It is scholarly and intelligent, perhaps prejudiced a little in favor of classical art and taking a little too seriously the anarchistic proclamations of romantic art, but on the whole moderate and fair minded. In one point we wish Professor Fiske had been a little more classical. The classical writers, especially Horace, condemned scathingly the pedantic practice of sowing foreign words and quotations over the fate of their text. Professor Fiske's pages bristle with Latin and Greek quotations. As a rule, the layman can follow the argument fairly well without them, but he is not likely to do it without a feeling that he is missing more than he should, more than he really does miss. Professor Fiske might excuse himself on the ground that he is writing only for classical scholars. But nobody who writes so well is justified in writing for any mere aristocratic fragment, in this democratic age.

A. J.

Contributors

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